FORD TIMES

JUNE 1979

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The Ford Owner's Magazine

June 1979, Vol. 72, No. 6

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Cover: Wright Morris, the author of "Here's Where I Heard the Songs," remembers playing records on the Victrola for Abe and Claudine while they sat on the porch swing. The story begins on page 27. Illustration by Marcus Hamilton.

Inns of the North Carolina Mountains

by Jeffrey Vincent Bradley

photos by Leonard P. Johnson

THE MOUNTAINS of western North Carolina have long been a magnet for travelers. In the early 1800s, it was considered very fashionable for the Southern aristocracy to have a second home in the mountains.

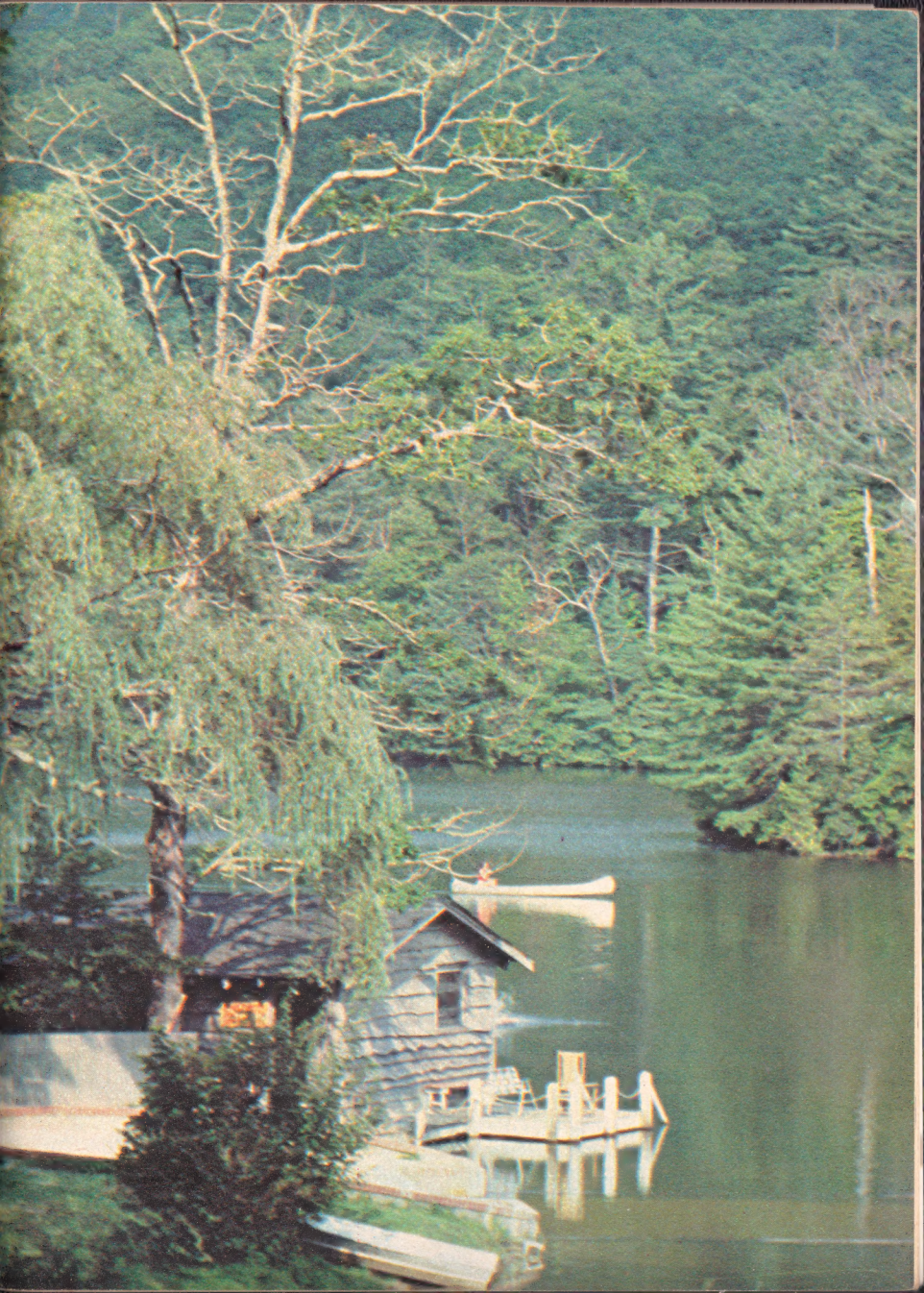
Around the turn of the century, with the coming of the railroads, people flocked to the area from all over the East while waiting on the invention of air conditioning. During the 1890s and the period that followed, a number of inns were constructed in the mountains to accommodate the visitors. Most of these places were large wooden structures where families would often spend a month or more. They were noted for plenty of activities and good cooking, and many of the inns became quite famous.

Since then, air conditioning has removed the need to come to the mountains to escape the heat. People keep coming, however, to see the scenery and to escape the interstate highways, the fast food chains and the mega-amusement parks. These travelers are often delighted to discover the old inns scattered throughout the mountains.

These islands of hospitality have not changed much through the years. Few have television in the rooms, and almost none of them provide telephones. There are no discos or blaring night life. Instead, the inns offer genuine relaxation, good food and an opportunity to meet others.

I have selected four of the inns of

High Hampton



western North Carolina to illustrate what is available. All are in the mountains, and their average age is 85 years. All require gentlemen to wear coats and ties to dinner. Outside of this common ground, each place is different, with its own character and charm.

One of the best-kept secrets of western North Carolina is the Eseeola Lodge, 70 miles northeast of Asheville, in Linville. It is not advertised, and most of its patrons have heard of it by word of mouth.

Visitors can stay at the lodge itself or in surrounding cabins, all of which are finished on the outside with chestnut bark. The interiors of the 56 rooms are built with wormy chestnut wood. Little did the builders of Eseeola know that within years after the construction of the lodge the giant chestnut trees would disappear.

There are 28 rooms within the main building, and 28 in surrounding cabins. The cabins are arranged so that groups of four, six or eight can be accommodated within the same structure. Each room within the cabins and the lodge has a private bath.

The interior of the rooms can only be described as "rustic elegance." The floors are carpeted, and each room has a private porch or balcony. The plumbing is thoroughly modern, and blankets are provided for the sometimes cool nights.

The food at Eseeola is some of the best to be found in the western portion of the state. The diner is met by a tuxedoed French maitre d' and led to a table graced by a formal setting. If you listen carefully you can hear the mountain stream that gurgles beneath the floor.

Eseeola is unique among the mountain inns in that it is owned by the members of the Linville Resorts corporation, the people who own cottages in the neighborhood. It is these folk, from Michigan to Florida, who maintain the high standards for which Eseeola is known. It is open from June 1 to the weekend following Labor Day.

When the original Eseeola Lodge opened in 1892, the ceremonies included a greased pig chase and an ox race. Since then these two activities have been discontinued, but the visitor will find much to replace them. Many come to Eseeola for the golf course, a 6,809-foot 18-hole layout that was designed by Donald Ross.

Eseeola Lodge

The lodge lies close to a number of attractions that appeal to a wide range of ages and interests. Grandfather Mountain is nearby, a venerable peak on which hang-gliding exhibitions are given daily. A variety of events are held on the peak every year, including bluegrass music concerts, gospel sing-a-longs and the colorful Highland Games and Gathering of the Scottish Clans.

The Nu-Wray Inn has been on the square in Burnsville for over 145 years. Thirty-seven miles northeast of Asheville, it remains today the best example of what the old inns were like.

It is a large white building with three stories that is fronted with long porches. Large old-fashioned rocking chairs line the porches and face toward the mountains beyond. Inside, the inn is filled to the brim with antiques, and the visitor gets the feeling that he or she has stepped back in time to the 1800s. The lobby walls display pioneer articles, as well as a century-old cuckoo clock that often causes guests to assemble on the hour — just to watch it and listen to it.

An upstairs parlor is likewise filled with antique furniture. It is called the Blue Room, and guests are encouraged to make use of it. Several weddings have been performed in the room, and none of the furnishings are less than 100 years old.

Following the ringing of a large dinner bell, the evening meal is served. Guests are ushered into a dining room that is presided over by pictures of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, and introductions are made of those who are seated together at the long tables. A signal is given, and waitresses bring out bowls of food that are passed around family style. The Nu-Wray Inn describes its food as "Southern Board," but guests just call it delicious. During the meal, diners are likely to hear music from an antique music box or a Steinway player piano. The music ranges from Chopin to foxtrots, and always elicits comments of approval.

After dessert, guests often go to the front porch and settle into the rocking chairs. There they can watch the sun go down or relax before attending a play at the Parkway Playhouse, a theater operated by the University of North Carolina at Greensboro.

Burnsville is one stop on the 12-mile Yancey Railroad, a privately owned line that serves local businesses. Occasional excursions are planned for the weekends, and visitors have the rare opportunity to ride an ordinarily nonpassenger train through picturesque valleys and along the South Toe River.

The highest peak in the eastern United States is nearby, too, standing 6,684 feet above sea level. The summit of Mount Mitchell can be reached by car, and there one can climb an observation tower and see 360 degrees of Blue Ridge scenery.

With boulders for walls and a red-tiled roof that can be seen for miles, the building that makes up the Grove

Nu-Wray Inn

Park Inn can hardly be called an inn.

This grand old hotel harks back to the days when Asheville was one of the major tourist centers of the East. Before the days of air conditioning, Asheville boomed with people who came for their health or just to escape the heat. The Grove Park Inn was *the* place to stay during the Roaring Twenties, and was visited by Henry Ford, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Thomas Edison and others. F. Scott Fitzgerald lived there for two years.

The building, which is now enrolled in the National Register of Historic Places, was built in 1913 by a man who utilized neither an architect nor a contractor. E. W. Grove of St. Louis was a flamboyant character who made a fortune in the patent medicine business. He decided to build a memorable hotel.

He succeeded. The Grove Park Inn, now open from April to the end of October, still provokes gasps of admiration from those who view it for the first time. The entire exterior is made of mountain boulders, many of them weighing several tons. The interior is dominated by the Great Hall, with its two fireplaces capable of burning 12-foot logs on 500-pound andirons.

The rooms in this inn, unlike the other resorts, contain both televisions and telephones and are air-conditioned. The original furniture, however, is still used, adding considerable charm to the place. Guests should ask

for rooms overlooking the golf course.

Dinner is served on a 200-foot canopied terrace at the rear of the building. Guests dine while watching the sun sink behind Asheville's skyline and the crest of the Blue Ridge. The food is good, with a full à la carte menu. A dance band plays six nights a week. As the lights of Asheville twinkle in the distance it's easy to imagine what it was like here in the 1920s.

The 260 rooms of the inn sit above an 18-hole golf course and eight tennis courts. There are two swimming pools. A stone path leads the inquiring visitor to Biltmore Homespun Shops — a cottage industry beside the inn. Here — during the week — one can see craftsmen process raw wool into bolts of cloth that have been in demand since 1901. Auto buffs wander into the Antique Automobile Museum, where they can look at cars that date back to 1905.

Perhaps the biggest tourist attraction in Asheville is Biltmore House and Gardens. In the 1890s George Vanderbilt hired 1,000 people and had them construct the largest private home in America — all 255 rooms of it. The house is now open to the public all year, and visitors can tour the rooms and look at the treasures Vanderbilt gathered during his travels.

The grounds of the estate are maintained on a level that complements the house. Designed by Frederick Law Olmsted, who also laid out New York's Central Park, they contain one of the finest English gardens in America, as well as the most complete wild azalea collection in the world.

Biltmore and the Grove Park are both examples of unsurpassed standards of living, and one should not be seen without the other.

The fourth inn is High Hampton. This resort, long famous to Southern gentry, is often accorded a place on road maps as if it were a town. Located at Cashiers, 65 miles southwest of Asheville, it was the summer home of a Confederate general, Wade Hampton, from whom it got its name.

Now the inn and 2,200 acres that surround it are owned by William McKee, a Harvard graduate who is no stranger to Southern hospitality. More than half the guests of High Hampton have been there before, and it's not unusual to meet people who have spent portions of 25 summers there.

High Hampton is open from May 1 to November 1 and has 120 rooms — 35 of them in an inn and the rest in

Grove Park Inn

cabins. Like the Eseeola Lodge in Linville, the exterior of the buildings at High Hampton is covered with chestnut bark. Unlike Eseeola, however, the rooms are very simple and rustic in every sense of the word. All are spotlessly clean and some have fireplaces, yet few people come to High Hampton for luxurious accommodations.

Instead, they come for good food and a chance to meet the other guests in a beautiful mountain setting. Mixing and mingling are high on the list at High Hampton, where a social director is kept busy organizing teas, contests and other events. Many of the guests meet each other in the Rock Mountain Room, where a happy hour is held every day. Bluegrass music and ragtime are played on alternate nights, and many friendships are formed during this period.

During a stay at High Hampton, guests are assigned a table; they have a choice of sitting alone or with others. Many choose the group setting — often with people they have met on the golf course.

Adults aren't the only ones who have fun at High Hampton. The resort is noted for a children's program that keeps the kids busy day and night. They are taken on hikes, given various lessons and treated to cookouts and hayrides.

Older folks gravitate to the par-71 golf course. The eighth hole, which has been featured in *Golf Digest*, demands the best from players. The hole is located on a narrow peninsula, and balls that are hit too hard or soft are seldom seen again. Lessons are available, as are golf carts and a driving range. The adventurous can sign up for raft trips down the white water rivers for which the area is noted.

After parking the car at High Hampton, many visitors never touch it until time to leave. For those who like to explore, however, the region is blessed with waterfalls, mountains and interesting little towns. Fortune seekers can try their luck in the mineral mines of nearby Franklin, where rubies and sapphires can be found.

Remember that most of these inns have much repeat business, and reservations are essential. Light jackets and warm slacks are good to have along, too, for the nights get cool.

Complete rates and schedules can be obtained by writing to the following places:

Eseeola Lodge
Linville, North Carolina 28646
(704) 733-4311

Grove Park Inn
290 Macon Avenue, Asheville, North Carolina 28804
(800) 527-2544, (704) 252-2711

Nu-Wray Inn
Burnsville, North Carolina 28714
(704) 682-2329

High Hampton
Cashiers, North Carolina 28717
(704) 743-2411

Four other quality inns in the same area of North Carolina are Green Park Inn in Blowing Rock, Fairfield Inn in Sapphire, Snowbird Lodge in Robbinsville and Woodfields Inn in Flat Rock. □

Seattle's Gas Works Park

Instead of tearing down an old plant, the city converted it into a source of community pride

story and photos by Robert W. Kelley

RECYCLING is the commendable thing to do nowadays. Old newspapers, cans and bottles for sure. But an old eyesore like a long-abandoned gas plant?

Seattle has recycled such a plant, to the delight of area residents.

On a spit of 20 acres of land jut-

ting out into Lake Union in the heart of Seattle, there once was a smoke-belching, air-polluting plant that generated gas from coal and then from oil. In 1956, to the relief of almost everyone, the plant was closed with the arrival of natural gas. But it still remained an eyesore.

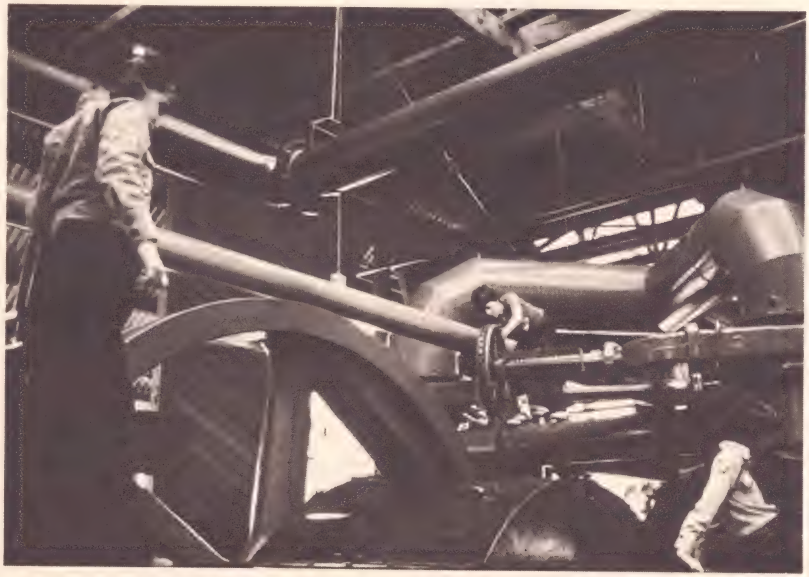
Recommendations were made about tearing down the plant, but nothing ever came of them. The expense was too great.

Then the city bought the property from the Washington Natural Gas company and hired Richard Haag of the University of Washington's Department of Landscape Architecture to "make it a park."

Haag had the oil-soaked ground surrounding the plant bulldozed into a hill, the towers and chimneys fenced, topsoil brought in and grass planted.

Inside the plant, the old machinery was painted in brilliant colors as part of a giant playground different enough to challenge the imagination of any youngster.

A field adjoining the plant now is often filled with people flinging Frisbees, flying kites and having picnics. Young mothers from the surrounding urban areas find it a haven for letting their toddlers run free. Amateur musicians offer their various talents here almost daily and oldsters come to stroll and enjoy the air, now fresh.□



Summer Scenes at the Island Airport

by Zibby Oneal

illustrations by Thomas Sgouros

THE CHILDREN insist that the first time we took a plane from the island the same man sold us our tickets, loaded our bags and then flew the plane all the way to Boston. I think the story is apocryphal, but there's no doubt it's a small airport.

N47

It's a summer airport. This is not to say that it isn't used all year, because, of course, it is (weather agreeable), but summer is its high season. It has the look of summer. Like the island cottages it serves, it appears a little ramshackle, a little *dolce far niente*. Its white paint, succumbing to sea air, peels. There is a morning glory vine twining the fence along the runway.

You can spend a pleasant hour here waiting for a plane. Having done some plane-waiting in my time, I can attest to the superiority of small airports for this activity. It's nice sitting on a baggage cart in the sun watching the occasional plane arrive. It's diverting to speculate on who will meet whom — much better than in a bigger terminal where, just as you've become really interested in the fight a couple are having, the two disappear forever into the crowd.

Here there's rarely a crowd. Perhaps the closest the airport ever comes to having one is on Friday afternoon when the husbands arrive for the weekend. Along about four-thirty Friday, station wagons begin wheeling into the parking lot, disgorging sunburned children with peeling noses. They wear damp T-shirts over wet bathing suits. They are barefoot, spotted with beach tar and dusted with sand. They head directly for the candy bar machine.

Behind them, carrying or pushing or pulling the smallest children, come the wives. They have the distracted look of women who have spent five days alone in the company of 6-year-olds — a look compounded of peanut butter sandwiches and Band-Aids, fish bait and lost sneakers. They glance around them, counting kids.

They count all summer. (How many went into the water? How many came out?) It has become automatic. Now they total up the ones buying candy bars, the one retrieving a tennis ball from under the car, the one on their hand, then push up their sunglasses and scan the sky. For the occasion, they've put on lipstick.

In the station wagons the dogs begin to bark. The children are spread-eagled now on the grass beside the runway, toes curled in the chain link fence, chocolate bars melting slowly in their fists. "When's it coming?" they ask. "How much longer now?" The mothers don't answer. They are balancing babies on their hips, stuffing car keys into their canvas bags, asking one another whether the plane is on time.

It is. It circles the airport once, then descends at the far end of the runway. The children are on their feet, waving. The mothers wave. The babies shriek. The dogs bark. The plane taxis. The husbands have arrived!

One by one, ducking under the plane's low doorway, they alight, grinning in the half-embarrassed manner of all arrivees when they spot the people waiting for them. They look hot and crumpled, out-of-place, like disheveled migratory birds forced down in passage. But it is only their city

clothes that create this illusion. In half an hour they will be rocking on porches in dungarees, perfectly at one with the surroundings.

"Here, Dad! Here we are!" the children yell.

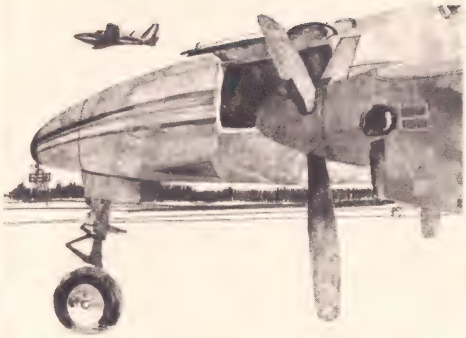
"Cecily got stung by a jellyfish!"

"You wanta see my ribbon I won? I brought it!"

The chorus grows. The husbands kiss the wives. The four-pound bluefish caught just that afternoon and brought to the airport for immediate display is now held up proudly by its gap-toothed catcher. The wives hand over the car keys. The husbands shoulder the babies. The procession back to the cars begins.

Sometimes, trailing behind all this, comes the occasional baffled houseguest. But not often. Houseguests, for reasons never clear, seem to arrive on the six o'clock.

There is a cliché on the island that neatly summarizes the subject of houseguests. "If you ask people to visit," it states, "they will." And so they will. Sooner or later anyone with a summer cottage learns to control his wilder hospitable instincts. An invita-



tion offered in the snows of December means meeting the six o'clock plane in July. You can count on it. When awash in Christmas cheer, one should weigh things.

The group meeting the six o'clock plane is different. The hosts have tidied up now and, generally, have left the children home. It's quieter. Eavesdropping improves. "Are you *sure* his wife's name is Betty?" "Can you remember? Do they eat clams?" Whispered conversations while the plane settles down.

And then the waving begins again.

The houseguests carry bottles of wine for the hosts. In their suitcases are bathing suits not yet faded and stretched. On their faces are expectant smiles. By Sunday they will have a sunburn, a tennis elbow and a stomach full of gin and lobster. But now it is all just beginning and they can hardly wait.

Saturday morning is glamour time. This is when the white-shark-skin-trousers-and-sunglasses set arrives. Their luggage is monogrammed or printed all over with the tiny initials that mean it's expensive. A lot of small dogs come on this flight, a lot of metal tennis racquets. If I happen to be at the airport on Saturday, I spend my time wondering who is who. They must all be famous, I suspect, but the sunglasses make it hard to tell. They are beautifully thin. They are already tan. And among all the people who go home Sunday, theirs will be the only noses that won't peel.

During the week, grandparents, friends from school, and honeymooners arrive. Again the station wagons empty their loads of children — grandchildren now — who jump up and down beside the fence, waiting to see if they were brought presents. A jeep full of teen-agers pulls in, yelling welcome to a skinny boy in khaki pants just stepping off the plane with his sleeping bag. Beside the baggage cart the island taxi driver waits sleepily for the groom to collect his brand-new suitcase and his bride's. The plane taxis off again and the girl who makes lobster rolls in the airport snack bar leans on one tan elbow to watch.

I've always assumed that those people who fly to the island come for brief stays. They travel light. They don't need the vast supply of housewares that arrive with the season people on the ferry. This, generally, is a pretty good theory and explains most of the airport's travelers. But how, then, am I to account for the lady with the frying pan?

She disembarked on a Tuesday

morning. I noticed her at once. Into that world of cut-offs and bikinis she descended, wearing immaculate white gloves. Her hair was arranged in what used to be called finger waves. The trough of each white wave glowed faintly lavender. Somebody's grandmother, I thought, from Boston.

She advanced firmly toward the baggage cart. With one impeccably gloved hand she reached into the pile of other people's duffle bags and extracted a single, enormous black cast-iron skillet. Then she turned, entered a waiting limousine and, while I still stared, was driven away.

I never saw her again, but I am still wondering about that frying pan.

Late Sunday afternoon the whole process at the airport reverses. The husbands and houseguests, the weekenders and honeymooners, the visiting school friends and probable rock stars gather and prepare to depart. For a variety of reasons everyone is glad the weather is good. Fog can close the airport for days. Then the guests who were leaving stay. The husbands miss work or take the ferry. Spirits sink, tempers rise and there is a line for the telephone.

But on a clear Sunday evening the planes fly.

Gradually the crowd dwindles. The lady in the straw hat and turquoise pantsuit hoists her shopping bag of shells, and boards behind a bearded boy wearing a T-shirt that says "Jaws." A young girl reaches up to kiss her beau, then walks off toward the plane. She turns three times on the short walk to the steps and he trots along the fence beside the runway, waving until the plane has outdistanced him.

The girl in the snack bar starts closing up. There will be no more flights that day. The parking lot empties. The weekend is over. Above the airport the lights of the last plane blink green and disappear, heading across Nantucket Sound. □

Garage Gourmets

To keep up with them, a wife learns a lot about preparing Jerusalem artichokes and Czechoslovakian beans

by Elaine O'Rourke Long

illustrations by Linda Ervine

SINCE I married Arthur, my cooking has improved immensely. But I owe nothing to Betty Crocker, *Good Housekeeping* or even to my own efforts as a zealous bride. All that I am in the kitchen, I owe to the operating engineers and mechanics who work with my husband.

You should see them. Brawny men who move with ease and confidence around a D9 Cat or a locomotive eight feet high. Perfect outdoor types, they

remind me of hunting, fishing and football.

Until they sit down at the lunch table. I've never been there, but I'm sure it happens just this way: A quiet settles on the group, like that moment after the overture and just before the curtain rises. Then they open their lunch boxes and the action begins. Everyone surveys his neighbor's lunch, noting contents, equipment and, incidentally, the upkeep of the lunch box. (Arthur didn't need to announce our marriage at the shop. His co-workers knew the very day he stopped carrying a bachelor's lunch.)

When Arthur first described the contents of those lunch boxes, I cried in dismay, "I can't keep up with wives who cook like that!"

"You won't have any trouble keeping up with the wives, honey," he said, adding before I could sigh with relief, "All they do is make sandwiches and wash lunch buckets. It's the guys who create the gourmet stuff."

And create they do. Step by step. From garden to garbage (where they carefully sort and dry the seeds for next year).

Those mechanics go back to nature like pioneers. And they are generous to a fault. During gardening season, my most oft-heard cry is, "But what will I do with it?"

Take red-headed Dan. Dan is six feet tall, weighs 200 pounds and is a skilled mountain man. He roams the high country for game, fish and fowl. But in his garden lies his claim to fame. Bags and boxes of it he has shared.

I can cope with turnips, carrots, rutabagas and sweet onions. Even the dumbest cook can make a stew. I relish wild asparagus. And I can admire the exotic quality of a hybrid squash and the beauty of a delicate cocktail tomato. But Jerusalem artichokes?

When Arthur lugged in a bulging

bag of those knobby roots, I hated to spoil his excitement — gourmet fever is catching — yet all I could think to say was, "What will I do with them?"

The next evening, he brought me the answers:

"Dan says peel them. (It's like peeling the roots of a tree or a pair of old leather shoes.)

"Then cook them in milk; they taste like oyster stew. (If you can get them tender before you scorch the milk, and if your imagination is good, and if you never tasted an oyster.)

"Or boil them; they taste like a cross between potatoes and turnips. (Ah, that they do. And they are certainly not an item you find on just any old restaurant menu, either.)

"Or plant them. (They'll overrun your garden.)

"Or give them away. (Your friends will soon run at the sight of you.)

"Or, if you don't have the time for them, let them rot." (If you're a sneaky wife who longs for an ordinary old baked potato.)

And then there was that Czechoslovakian bean. Arthur came in with hands behind his back and an enormous grin on his face. My heart sank. "There goes today's menu," I thought.

I was wrong. That green bean was three feet long and three inches thick. Dan said, "Fry it like eggplant." And we ate it for a week.

Speaking of eggplant reminds me that it was Mike, not Dan, who taught me about eggplant. Mike has the keen eye and quick reflexes of the expert

fly fisherman. Arthur and his buddies have all enjoyed Mike's fishing stories and his smoked trout. I remember Mike's pickled eggplant.

Until Mike came along, eggplant was just that poor, pale substitute for meat that we raised in our Victory Garden when I was a child. But with sweet basil and garlic and wine vinegar and olive oil, eggplant will light their eyes at "Share and Taste" time in the shop.

It was Mike's wife who actually wrote up the recipe and passed it around. She's clever. Her answer to "What will I do with it?" is "Let the other wives cook it." From her recipe book to Mike's bucket and from Arthur's bucket to my book came a continuing stream of suggestions: venison chili, canned trout, pickled green tomatoes, stuffing for wild duck. (I only wish she'd sent along the recipe for roasting chestnuts before Arthur got

the gourmet Christmas spirit and blew the handle off my oven door.)

Mike's wife just barely keeps ahead of Mike's garden. Mike started our strawberry patch, contributed to our variety of tomatoes and introduced us to the rare Oriental cucumber-cantaloupe. It doesn't taste like a cucumber, and it doesn't taste like a cantaloupe and it's hard to describe, but it certainly turns the boys into beggars. The seeds are like family heirlooms, passed down in Mike's family with the crystal and the silver. One cucumber-cantaloupe seed is easily worth 10 from the Italian pear-tomato and it even outranks the Czechoslovakian bean.

Mike finally did agree to trade straight across with Dave when Dave at last offered to disclose his secret recipe for venison jerky. Dave is the cheese, meat and sausage man. If he doesn't grind it, smoke it or jerk it, he always knows where to get it. Compliment him on the latest sample from his lunch box and you're liable to get a geography lesson beginning:

"There's this guy. He runs this little shop, just off the freeway . . ." There's always a guy and always a little shop and always those samples.

Arthur's glowing descriptions of everybody else's samples gave me the lunch-box blues, until I discovered a simple rule. "If you can't beat 'em, borrow from 'em."

And with one notable exception, I've fared well in their footsteps. The exception was Dan's recipe for pickles. The ingredients: cucumbers, two pecks; vinegar, one gallon; bourbon, one quart, garlic and spices. The directions began, "Drink the bourbon . . ." Until then I'd always thought that the "crocked" in the pickle recipes referred to the pickles.

All in all, the recipes, gardening instructions and woods lore sent home from the garage have proved accurate and valuable. In fact, in case of a civil emergency, I'd abandon the approved Civil Defense plans and head for the shop. Where else could I find men who could rebuild the world, maintain it and stock the larder, too?

In the meantime, I've got to look in Arthur's lunch bucket and see what we're having for supper. □

Letters Letters Letters

Recipe From a Recipe Fan

My son has been receiving *Ford Times* for some time. He passes it on to me. I enjoy every bit of it, especially the recipe section. One of my favorite recipes is for creamy fudge. I thought you might want to share it with your readers.

Creamy Fudge

12 large marshmallows
2 cups semisweet chocolate chips
7 ounces sweetened condensed milk
1 teaspoon almond extract
½ cup toasted salted almonds, sliced
½ cup candied cherries, halved

Cut marshmallows into small pieces and place in top of double boiler with chips and milk. Place over hot, not boiling, water and stir until melted and smooth. Stir in flavoring, nuts and cherries. Spread in buttered 8-inch-square pan. Chill and cut into squares. Makes about 1½ pounds.

Carol Gibson
Phillipsburg, Kansas

Welcome Classic Thunderbird Owners

"Come fly with me" is the theme of the 1979 Thunderbird. This highflying luxury version of Ford's personal automobile began in 1954 with the debut of an exciting new kind of car — the 1955 Thunderbird.

Just as the 1979 Thunderbird is dedicated to the personal luxury and comfort of its owners, so our new association is dedicated to providing needed technical and restoration information, and to the camaraderie that exists on the American Road among owners of the 1955, 1956 and 1957 Thunderbird, an American original and a classic in its own time.

Come fly with us.

Lois C. Eminger, President
Classic Thunderbird Association
P. O. Box 4336
St. Louis, Missouri 63123

No. 30 Is a Loyalty Gift

I thought your readers might like to see this picture of Marve Moltmann

(right) of Moltmann and Smith Ford-Mercury, Inc., Mt. Carroll, Illinois, rewarding his most loyal customer, Fay Stakemiller, with the keys to a 1979 Mustang Ghia. Mr. Stakemiller had purchased a new car from Mr. Moltmann every year for the past 29 years. The Mustang was a gift of appreciation from the dealership.

J. L. Stone
Car Merchandising Manager
Ford District Sales Office
Davenport, Iowa

A BIG TENT FROM A SMALL CAR

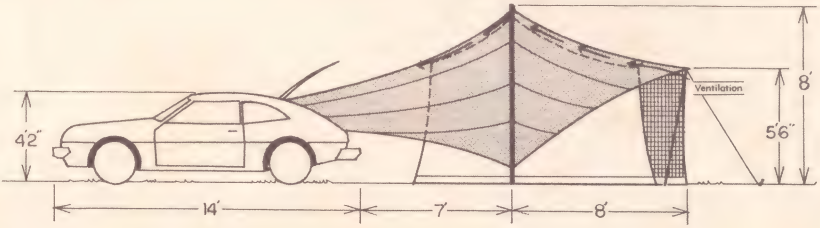
Here's a design concept that proves good things come in small packages

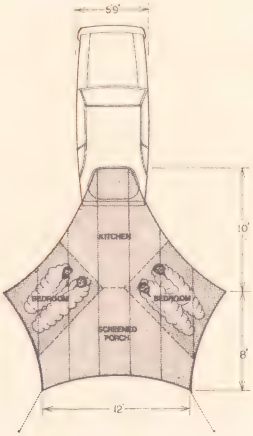
by Bern Farris

FORD TIMES recently presented the eminent tent designer Bill Moss with the following theoretical problem: Design the biggest tent that could be brought out of the cargo area of one of Ford Motor Company's small cars. His suggested solution to the problem is shown on these pages. This structure is designed to fit the Pinto Runabout. With slight adaptations it could also be made to fit the Fiesta, the Mustang three-door, the Pinto station wagon and the Fairmont station wagon.

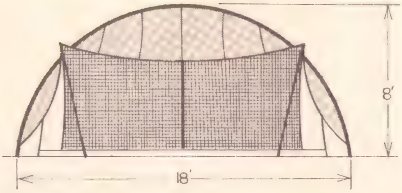
Moss conceived his structure in two forms. One is simply a canopy, or shade, that can be erected in about 10 minutes and can be used as a shelter from sun and rain. In its more elaborate form the canopy contains a screened porch and two bedrooms. In either form, it has approximately 200 square feet of floor space.

Although this tent exists only as a design concept on paper, Moss has worked out a number of its features.





ALL PIECES DESIGNED TO PACK INTO TRUNK BAGS



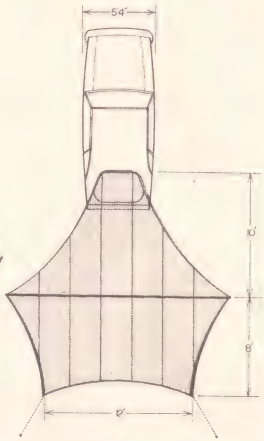
The fabric of the shade is three-ounce coated nylon. The shade is supported by a flexible fiberglass arch and there are two stake-out tent poles.

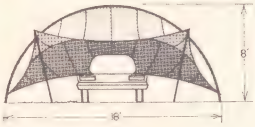
In order for the shade to be used as a living structure, bedrooms made of a breathable fabric, such as taffeta or loosely woven cotton, are hung from hooks in the shade roof, while a screened porch is created from Dacron netting hung from the front of the shade. The bedrooms are, in effect, tents within the tent. They have floors of heavy waterproof vinyl and are big enough for two persons each.

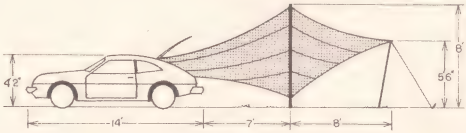
The rear of the structure can be used as a kitchen area, with work space provided by the cargo floors of the three-door cars or the station wagon tailgates.

The fully outfitted tent can be folded into a number of separate bags and stored in the cargo areas of the three-door cars or the station wagons.

When erected the tent is free-standing. The car can be driven away and, in fact, can be parked inside the tent that came out of it. □







HERE'S WHERE I HEARD THE SONGS

by Wright Morris

illustrations by Marcus Hamilton

IN MY EARLY years I whistled a lot of tunes without knowing their names. It came as quite a surprise to me when I heard the words of *The Sheik of Araby*, Claudine's favorite song. Claudine also introduced me to two others, *Dardanella* and *Aggravatin' Papa*. She was the daughter and only child of Mrs. Van Meer, my father's third wife. A short, plump-type girl, Claudine liked boys a little older than I happened to be at that time. On her superheterodyne, using ear phones, we could hear Coon Sanders and his Nighthawks in Kansas City. The tunes came through great, but the static was so bad we often missed the words.

Claudine's real boyfriend, Abe Golden, worked at the soda fountain in the Blackstone Hotel. He gave us both extra cherries and nuts on our sundaes. On the warm summer nights, Abe and Claudine would sit in the creaky porch swing, listening to the Victrola, while I cranked it and

played the records. Her favorite record was *How Come You Do Me Like You Do Do Do?* If they went for a drive as far as Carter Lake, Mrs. Van Meer liked me to go along with them. That's how I first crossed the Missouri, and got as far east as Council Bluffs. When Abe and Claudine eloped, Mrs. Van Meer told the police he was so tall they looked funny together. I knew he was tall, because the bathing suit he loaned me came up so high under the armpits it gave me a rash.

They were gone about two weeks, in the Ozarks, then they moved into the room I had had in the basement. My father took exception to their moving in, but the mistake he made was in moving out. When I got home from school he was in his car about a block away, parked at the curb. He lost a Palm Beach suit that he had hardly worn, and I lost a pair of Keds that laced to the toe, with suction-cup rubber soles. The night we left for

Chicago my father let me drive while he sat in the back, behind the side curtains, knowing a woman of Mrs. Van Meer's temperament would have told the law to keep an eye peeled for him.

Until he left the Platte Valley of Nebraska my father had been a railroad man with the Union Pacific, and he knew most of the brakemen and conductors on the Omaha-Cheyenne run. One of the brakemen used to sing *It's a Long Way to Tipperary*, but he didn't know how long, or where it was. I used to think it was in the Far East somewhere, but I still don't know.

I first heard *Pagan Love Song* as I was passing a movie with the lobby doors open. From where I stood in the street I could see Ramon Novarro and hear him singing under the palm trees:

Come with me where moonbeams
light Tahitian skies
And the starlit waters
linger in your eyes.

To a person with my interest in music, the talkies meant a lot. On weekends I could see three full shows a day for the price of one. The only problem was that after three shows I'd get a tune in my head I couldn't get rid of. That's how it was with me and *Toot Toot Tootsie, Goodbye.*

I can't seem to put my finger on when I first heard *Bye Bye Blackbird.* It was in the fall, and my father had come to feel that Chicago hadn't lived up to his expectations. Another song going around about that time was *California, Here I Come.* It was my father's idea to get a bigger car and offer people the chance to go along with us. We would share expenses. We would take the warm Southern route all the way. Which is what we did, but it proved to be an even longer story than the one I'm telling. Allowing for layovers in Garden City, Kansas; Raton, New Mexico; and Gila Bend, Arizona, it took about six weeks, but the point I want to make is how it relates to *Bye Bye Blackbird.*

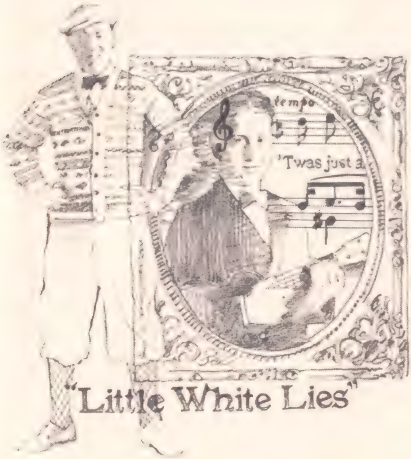
Out of Garden City there were still five of us in this car with the side curtains. If I wasn't driving, I was usually playing my harmonica. I remember distinctly the first time I was asked if I knew another tune. I was asked by this so-called soft-shoe dancer who said he had an engagement in Long Beach. He wore a checkered cap, a tight-fitting suit, patent leather shoes.

"Why don't you play *No, No, Nora*?" he said to me, Nora being a girl he knew in Long Beach. I gave it a try as far as Arizona, but it's one of those tunes that get on people's nerves. The soft-shoe sport just disappeared the day or so we laid over in Tucson. That's where I heard *La Cucaracha*, but I didn't know it at the time. My lips were so chapped from the cold and the wind I couldn't whistle a tune, let alone play it, so I just had to keep it in mind until we reached Pasadena, where it rained and rained. At the Hippodrome in Los Angeles, I heard *Song of India* in a big stage production, but the tune I couldn't get out of my head was *Bye Bye Blackbird.* As soon as my lips weren't so sore, it was the one I

played.

My father was not as pleased with California as he expected to be. He spent most of his time in the Biltmore lobby, talking with travelers. Many of these people, like my father, felt that they had had enough of the land of milk and honey. They missed the snow melting in the streets. They missed spring coming to Lincoln Park. Some of them said they would leave in a minute if they were sure to get back after the snow had melted.

Two or three weeks after the snow had melted we were in Cairo, Illinois,



where the Mississippi had flooded. That's where I first heard *Yes, Sir, That's My Baby*, although it meant a lot more to me later. The one that meant the most to me at the time was:

Button up your overcoat
when the wind is free
Take good care of yourself,
you belong to me.

I wouldn't have liked it as much as I did if I hadn't traveled and seen more of the world.

I remember exactly the time and place I first heard *Little White Lies*. I was sitting with Ed and Bill Miller on the steps of their porch while their father hosed down their new Hupmobile sedan parked in the yard. Directly across the street, Lois Baker was sitting on the steps with her snotty kid brother Charlie. Her older sister Kathleen was sitting in the porch swing with her boyfriend, who went to Northwestern. His Scripps Booth roadster with the wire wheels was parked at the curb. Ordinarily, Kathleen played the piano, while her sister sang. This Northwestern type strummed the ukulele and they were trying to do a little harmonizing. What got under my skin was the way they would stop, and have a fit of giggling, just as they got started.

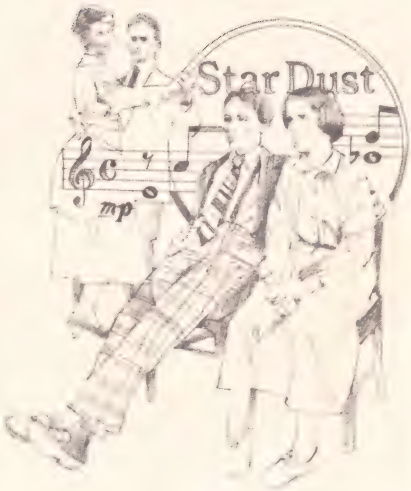
The moon was all aglow
and the devil was in your eyes
The night that you told me
those little white lies.

I'd rather not go into it, technically, but this was not a good tune for the mouth organ. The upshot was that I moved over to the uke at the start of my last year in high school. Wayne King was at the Aragon that year, and the song that best suited my voice, according to Lois Baker, was *Dancing in the Dark*. We were never anywhere we could do much of it, but it was our song.

When I'm asked where I first heard *Rhapsody in Blue*, it's hard to explain. I'd been hearing it forever. If I walked around at night, or rode on escalators, or heard trolley wires crackling or the ore boats honking, I could hear it like the hum in a power pole or the sound of crushed track sand. Right at the time I didn't even think I was listening, but I was, all right.

If I had to put my finger on a change in my life it was just before I went off to college. Bill Miller, Orville Clarke, Maurie Anderson and I were all close friends. We usually met at Maurie's house, across the alley from the Anderson dairy. We'd stand around in the alley drinking chocolate milk, or sit around the big table in the Anderson kitchen, which was always covered with bottles of milk and cereal cartons. When Mr. Anderson sold his dairy to Borden's, he bought a car for himself and an Atwater Kent console radio as big as a piano for Mrs. Anderson. On Sundays we either drove down through the park to a show in the Loop, where the organ led the singing during the intermission, or we listened to the New York Philharmonic on the radio. That's where I first heard *Air on the G String* by Johann Sebastian Bach. I mean I first really *heard* it. Lois Baker, for one, said the change in me was obvious.

In the fall, I went to college in California, where I heard Bing Crosby sing *Body and Soul* at the Cocoanut Grove. I didn't hear him personally, understand, but we were only 35 miles



away and got good radio reception. *I Surrender, Dear* touched me personally, for reasons I won't go into, and the hardest song to dance to was Hoagy Carmichael's *Stardust*. When the band played it, my girl always suggested we sit it out.

That summer I worked at the Chicago World's Fair, where I got sick and tired of hearing *Stormy Weather*, but I noticed I didn't mind it so much when I heard it as part of a medley. What I like about medleys is that they usually skip the words.

In my early years I don't think Claudine would have liked them, the words being what she liked to remember, but Abe Golden and I didn't miss what was lost in the static. We were both whistlers during those months our lips weren't chapped. □

Meet the Wagonmaster's Lineup

by Cara L. Kazanowski

Fairmont Squire in Burnt Orange Glow

NO WONDER Ford is known as the Wagonmaster: Ford offers a full range of wagons, from spunky four-passenger Pintos to five-passenger mid-size Fairmonts to eight-passenger full-size Ford LTDs with dual facing rear seats. If you need to carry up to 15 people, there are the Club Wagons.

Each of these versatile vehicles not only serves day-in, day-out transportation needs, but also carries you and your friends and family on sporting and vacation adventures. Each vehicle in the Wagonmaster's lineup can be equipped to tow trailers and boats and hold rooftop carriers — just about whatever you need when you get there.

For example, Pinto wagons can pull a trailer weighing up to 1,000 pounds with such recommended equipment as standard 2.3-litre, four-cylinder engine and optional Select-Shift automatic transmission. When equipped with the minimum recommended equipment, Fairmont wagons have the optional pulling power to tow one-ton trailers. Ford LTD wagons

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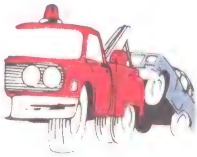

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Club Wagons can tow vehicles weighing up to 8,000 pounds (four tons) when properly equipped. Available trailer towing options include Light-Duty and Heavy-Duty ones.

Like the other Ford LTD models, the full-size station wagons have been totally redesigned for 1979 with more room inside to help give passengers comfort, even on the longest trips, with more headroom, legroom and shoulderroom — front seat and back — than in last year's LTD. Yet the new LTDs are actually easier handling and easier parking than before.

The car's fuel economy has been improved in mid-year to an EPA-estimated 15 mpg and a highway estimate of 21 mpg with the standard 5.0-litre (302-CID) V-8 engine and Select-Shift automatic transmission. Use these mileage estimates to compare to the estimated mpg of other cars. Your mileage may differ, depending on your speed, weather and distance. Actual highway mileage will probably be less than the highway estimate.

Ford LTD Country Squire in Dark Cordovan Metallic

Interior Luxury Group in velour cloth, a Ford LTD Country Squire option

New "A" arm coil-spring front suspension and four-bar coil-link rear suspension, new steering system configuration, an efficient new rear axle and new front-disc brakes all add a surprising amount of agility, including a turning diameter three feet shorter than last year's.

Yet the Ford LTD wagons with 212.9-inch overall length also retain the many features that have made them so popular, including the 3-way Magic Doorgate which originated at Ford. An exclusive for Ford wagons, the optional dual-facing rear seats with removable seat cushions, which boost capacity from six to eight people, are longer, have improved legroom, and boast new-for-1979 features such as rear bumper step pad, cargo lamp and footwell carpeting.

With all seats in use, there's still storage space between the second and third seats. There's more cargo space with the rear seat folded down (89.7 cubic feet — unsurpassed in the industry), with room for a standard-sized 4x8 sheet of plywood flat between the wheel wells. Both LTD wagon and Country Squire offer two standard lockable storage compartments, one below the cargo floor, the other in the left rear side panel.

The LTD Country Squire is distinguished from the steelside LTD wagon by its trademark, handsome woodtone vinyl bodyside paneling, and its LTD Landau-style front end. Also standard are electric clock, rear door and tailgate courtesy light switches, deluxe sound insulation package and more.

LTD wagons offer a variety of seating options, starting with either all-vinyl or DuraWeave fabric on a

choice of flight-bench or split-bench seats. The Interior Luxury Group offered on Country Squire comes with velour cloth or super-soft vinyl on individually adjustable reclining split-bench seats; seat backs with assist straps and map pockets; luxury carpeting, instrument panel, and sound insulation package; door assist straps, and door panels with full length armrests and carpeted lower sections.

Like all Fairmonts, the wagons have several new functional features this year. A new four-speed overdrive manual transmission replaces the three-speed manual as standard equipment with the optional 3.3-litre (200-CID) I-6 and 5.0-litre (302-CID) V-8 engines. Another revision includes the availability of the six-cylinder engine for station wagons with California emission-control equipment.

There also are new trim and color selections, as well as new optional tilt steering wheel, speed control, performance instrumentation, styled steel wheels with trim rings and premium sound system.

In addition, there are a number of features exclusive to the four-door Fairmont wagons.

The quick, one-hand release makes it easy to fold down the second seat, which opens up 79.1 cubic feet of cargo space, about 84 per cent of full-size wagon capacity. Also standard on the 193.8-inch long Fairmont wagons are "liftgate open" warning light, cargo area light, color-keyed carpeting in the cargo area and steel-belted radial-ply tires.

The top-of-the-line Fairmont Squire features woodtone vinyl bodyside and liftgate, woodtone rail surround, deluxe wheel covers, bright left-hand outside mirror, hood ornament, "Squire" script, Interior Accent Group, and bright window frames and belt moldings.

The optional lockable storage box gives you a convenient, concealed space to stow valuables. Another option, the rear window washer/wiper, clears the liftgate window of dust, dirt, rain or snow.

For 1979, Ford designers updated all Pintos with new rectangular headlamps, hood, grille, fenders and bumpers.

Inside, Pinto has a new instrument panel cluster with large, rectangular pods housing the miles-and-kilometers speedometer, fuel gauge and international-type warning lamp symbols.

The 1979 Pinto station wagon lineup is the largest ever, with the standard station wagon plus Pinto Pony Wagon, the station wagon with the lowest sticker price in America; Pinto Squire, and new Cruising Package and Rallye options. The wagons hold four adults, plus 31.3 cubic feet of cargo with the rear seat up, or two adults and 57.2 cubic feet of cargo with the rear seat down.

All Pinto wagons, including Pony, come with the 2.3-litre 2V four-cylinder overhead cam engine with four-speed manual floor-mounted transmission, rack-and-pinion steering, full wheel covers, cut-pile carpeting, front

Captain's Club Wagon with Tu-Tone paint

bucket seats and split-cushion "bucket look" back seats.

Pinto's newest optional package, the exciting Rallye, transforms the wagon via black luggage rack, grille and other trim; dual sport mirrors; front spoilers; white-painted styled steel wheels with trim rings; quarter-panel porthole; "Rallye" bodyside tape, and narrow tri-color border tape for black paint treatment. Everything in the Sports Package is included: sport steering wheel and instrumentation and upgraded suspension.

Pinto Cruising Wagon is freshened this year with a new multicolor paint-and-tape treatment on the quarter panel and liftgate. This version also is equipped with full sport instrumentation, upgraded suspension, inner- and outer-quarter filler panels, porthole on the quarter panel, black liftgate louvers, carpeting on load floor and inner quarter walls, and white-painted styled steel wheels with trim rings.

Pinto Squire features woodtone vinyl bodyside and liftgate paneling, plus many other extras, including low-back bucket seats with deluxe seat and door trim, bright grille and sound insulation package.

The 124-inch and 138-inch wheelbase 1979 Club Wagons feature a new front-end appearance with standard rectangular headlamps, a new, luxurious Captain's Club Wagon, and many other new options and features.

The Captain's Club Wagon includes:

- Quad Captain's Chairs that recline and swivel
- Three-passenger rear seat that makes into a wide bed (on long wheelbase models only)

- Snack/game table with four recessed beverage holders
- Full-length 35-ounce carpeting
- Deluxe headliner with dual-beam dome/map lights
- Privacy glass
- Deluxe Accent Combination Tu-Tone paint plus bodyside accent tape stripe

(Most of these options also are available individually.)

The other Club Wagon trim levels — Standard, Custom and Chateau — each come with increasing amounts of luxury, convenience and comfort features. The optional trim levels now also are available on the short wheelbase model.

The Super Wagon comes with 20 more inches of inside length over the regular 138-inch wheelbase Club Wagon for seating up to 15 passengers. On Club Wagons, you also may choose seating arrangements for four, five, seven, eight, 11 or 12 people.

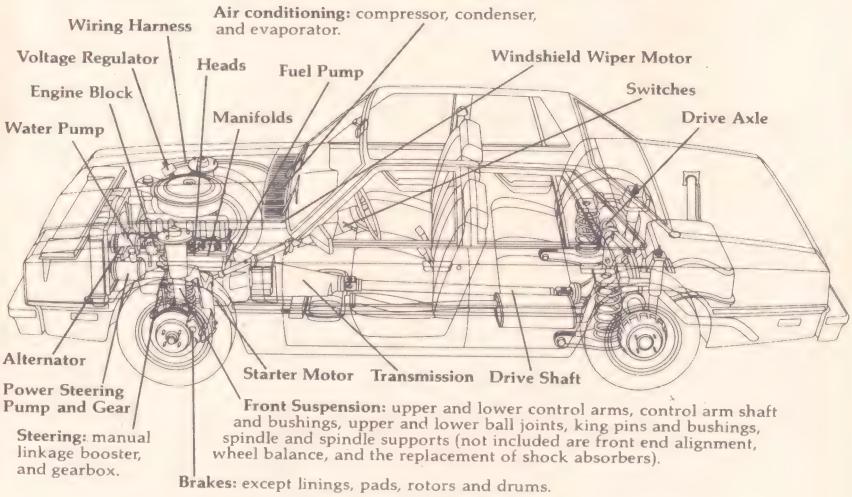
Other new Club Wagon options include sport wheel covers, premium sound system, power door locks, 5.0-litre (302-CID) V-8 engine and Cruising Van-theme tape stripe. □

Pinto Wagon with Rallye Pack in Dark Jade Metallic

Our Ultimate Option

Ford Motor Company's Extended Service Plan

Extends protection from unexpected repair bills to 36 months...or 36,000 miles.



...with a special low price for 1979 small cars.

At Ford Motor Company, we know that the best way to sell you another Ford car is to keep you happy with the one you have. And one way we can do that is to offer you our Extended Service Plan. Nearly half a million owners of Ford Motor Company cars have enjoyed the freedom from worry it offers them. And now, there's a special low price of $100 to cover small cars.

Here's what the Extended Service Plan has to offer you.

It's Backed by Ford Motor Company, and honored by Ford dealers all over the U.S. and Canada.

Ford's Extended Service Plan picks up where your new car limited warranty leaves off. It is a service contract between you and Ford Motor Company.

Here's all it costs.	
Car covered	Suggested Price
Fiesta, Pinto, Mustang (except Turbo) and Fairmont.	~~$165~~ $100 Effective 2/12/79
Mustang (Turbo), Courier, Ranchero, (4x2) light trucks, Econoline, Granada, LTD II, Thunderbird.	$210
Ford LTD, Bronco, F-100—F-350 (4x4) light trucks.	$235
Ford Club Wagons.	$270
You also pay the first $25 per covered repair visit. Extended Service Plan not available in Nebraska or Rhode Island.	

What it covers.

Briefly, it covers parts and labor for repair of defects in the major parts of the entire power train, certain steering system parts, front suspension (except alignment), rear axle, the basic electrical system, brakes (except for lining, pads, rotors, and drums), and factory-installed air conditioning (parts in illustration). If you normally use and properly care for your car, and perform the routine maintenance called for in the Owner's Manual, your new Ford Motor Company vehicle is protected from the high cost of repair bills up to 3 years or 36,000 miles from the date of delivery, whichever comes first. You pay only the first $25 per covered repair visit.

You have up to 6 months to register.

If you have already bought your new car and it hasn't exceeded 12,000 miles, you can still get the Plan up to 180 days from the time you took delivery.

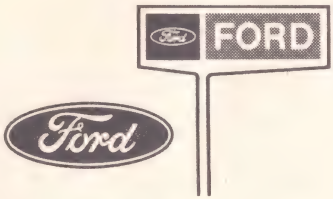
You get car rental coverage.

Under the new car Plan, if your car should be out of use overnight while being repaired for problems covered, you get a car rental allowance of up to $15 a day, (you pay any mileage charge), for up to 5 days. This feature applies during the initial warranty as well as the extended period.

It could pay for itself the first time you need it.

With today's inflation and the high cost of major repairs everywhere, your Extended Service Plan could very easily pay for itself on your first visit to your dealer's service center. This means that when you buy a Plan, you also buy a lot of peace of mind. So see your Ford dealer for details. You'll find out how confident we are about the quality of our cars . . . and how confident you can be when you buy one.

Ask your Ford dealer about the Extended Service Plan. It protects you from unexpected repair bills.



Another Better Idea from Ford Motor Company.

Pikes Peak

It's everybody's mountain

by Don Brown

photo courtesy of Colorado Department of Public Relations

IT SHOULDN'T have been named Pikes Peak. Zebulon M. Pike never came within 18 miles of it. But by predicting that it would never be climbed, he made a statement that put his name in the history books and on at least 100 enterprises (including six gasoline stations) that thrive within the afternoon shadow of the famous mountain.

It shouldn't be as famous as it is, for as mountains come out here in the High Country, its 14,110-foot elevation ranks pretty low. Even in Colorado, for example, 30 other peaks are higher.

Move it about 125 miles farther

west, to the Sawatch Range, for example, and you'd hardly notice it because it would be surrounded by mountains hundreds of feet higher.

But as you drive westward out of Kansas and reach a spot some maps identify as First View, Colorado, you see the tip straight ahead. Snow-covered from seven to eight months a year, the "Great Pinical" (Pike wasn't a much better speller than he was a mountain climber) looms larger and larger. For a time it seems to be the only mountain around and appears more than 14,000 feet high. Then, as you come nearer, the other mountains of the Front Range, about 9,000 feet high, seem to reduce the majesty of this 600-million-year-old granite mound, which has beckoned gold seekers and inspired song writers and poets. It has also attracted millions of vacationers, some of whom come to the region year after year to climb it again and again. It has been the site of many weddings (the first was held at the summit in 1891). It is scaled by two roads, one for a cog railway, the other for automobiles. It is the setting for an exciting annual race.

During the second half of the 19th century the canvas top of many a westward-bound covered wagon loaded with hopeful gold seekers bore the legend "Pikes's Peak or Bust." And many an eastward bound one added "Busted."

Although some gold was mined on Pikes Peak, the famous mountain was more of a stopping-off place — as well as a beacon — for miners, most of whom pushed westward to Cripple Creek and Victor and Leadville and Aspen and the other gold and silver towns. Narrow gauge railroads bypassed the peak to get to the precious ore. Stage roads snaked along its sides, but until the promotion of Manitou and Colorado Springs as a tourist mecca in the late 19th century, nobody bothered much about climbing to the top.

The first man to accomplish this feat was Dr. Edwin James, a member of the Long Expedition who reached the top in 1819. Thirty-eight years later the first white woman — and probably the first woman of any race, since the Indians could find scant reason for climbing to the barren, forbidding summit — climbed to the top. Bloomer-clad, Canadian-born Julia Archibald Holmes, a 19th-century Women's Libber, scaled the heights with a party of gold seekers that included her husband.

The first car, a steam-powered Locomobile, made it to the top in 1901 over a road that had been built for carriages.

The first train, a steam-powered cog, reached the peak on June 29, 1891. It was the sixth train scheduled that day, but trouble (most of it mechanical) befell the five earlier runs. The first scheduled train contained an assortment of area dignitaries (including railroad officials) who hoofed it most of the way when their engine broke down. The 65 members of Denver's Highlands Christian Church choir had the distinction of riding the

photo courtesy of Colorado Springs Chamber of Commerce

first successful train to the summit.

Despite this inauspicious beginning, 9,700 passengers rode to the top that first year. During the days of the chugging, steam-powered locomotives the ride was frequently fraught with uncertainty if not real danger. Boilers blew, piston rods were thrown, boulders blocked the way. It was truly an adventure, an excitement that many remembered fondly or regretfully, depending on whether they made it to the top or not. Gradually, as steam power gave way to gasoline and that, in turn, to diesel electric, the romance and excitement disappeared. Today's passenger coaches are not unlike commuter trains. The ride compares favorably with that of the Long Island Railroad from Patchogue to Manhattan, except the scenery is prettier and the air cleaner.

The trip to the top via the Pikes Peak Auto Highway provides a thrill — and a breathtaking view — at every curve. (There are 166 curves in one 12-mile stretch that is the race course for the annual Pikes Peak Auto Hill Climb, more lyrically known as the "Race to the Clouds.")

Running to the top from the tollgate located in Cascade on U.S. 24, west of Colorado Springs, is a 19-mile road, the first five miles of which are paved. Speed is limited by roadside signs, common sense and the low operating efficiency of autos not tuned to the rare atmosphere. Some engines protest by boiling over and others develop vapor lock.

The story goes that one Kansas traveler, stranded in his car at the side of the road, was approached by a highway patrolman. "Could be vapor lock," the patrolman offered. "Nope," said the visitor firmly. "Can't be that. I had it taken out before I left town."

If you reach the summit on a clear day (your chance of achieving this is better in the morning), you will be able, if you know what you are looking at, to see as far as Kansas, New Mexico and Oklahoma, as well as an awful lot of Colorado. Although Pikes Peak usually loses its snow cover early in the summer, you may view distant peaks still glistening white as late as August.

Clear and pure as the air is at this height, persons with respiratory diseases or a history of heart trouble are not encouraged to run foot races in the thin atmosphere. There isn't much to do up there anyway except look around, pick up a souvenir rock, visit the Summit House (snacks, cards and souvenirs) and have your picture taken in front of a sign somebody thoughtfully placed there for that purpose.

But as you stand there absorbing the limitless beauty and majesty of the landscape, think of the words to the song *America the Beautiful*. In 1893, Katharine Lee Bates stood at the peak and was inspired by "the purple mountains' majesty" to compose that thrilling national hymn.

Consider also that the national and territorial flags of Spain, France, Virginia, Louisiana, Missouri, Kansas and the United States have flown over

this ground.

The trip down the mountain should be as cautious as the climb. (An upward-bound car has the right-of-way.) Use the engine, by driving in lower gear or low range, to brake the car. At Glen Cove, five miles from the top, cars are required to stop for a brake check. If you are warned to let yours cool, heed that warning. Stroll around, enjoy the scenery and pure air, have a drink of pure Rocky Mountain spring water, rest.

Since 1948, the Pikes Peak Auto Highway has been operated and maintained by the city of Colorado Springs. Built in 1916 by the entrepreneur Spencer Penrose (the Broadmoor Hotel, Manitou and Pikes Peak Cog Railway, Manitou Incline Railway are a few of his enterprises), it was turned over to the National Forest Service in 1936 when it stopped making money for the owners. All income from the tolls ($2.00 for adults, 50¢ for children) goes toward the maintenance of the road.

According to Jack Sullivan, superintendent of the road, the city makes no effort to profit from anyone's bad luck on the toll road. Replacement parts — hoses, fan belts, etc. — are delivered by patrol car for the same price they would cost in Colorado Springs. Towing by commercial wrecker depends, of course, on distance, with a $45 limit. Visitors stranded on the way up may finish the trip in a patrol car — free.

In a good year, more than 350,000 persons will travel the auto highway, including those who pay $8 per person for tour limousines and buses. How many use the cog railway is a closely guarded secret of the management.

Then there are the hikers. You can't have a mountain this prominent sitting around without someone wanting to climb it "just because it's there." The Barr Trail, created in 1914 by the burro-ride entrepreneur Fred Barr, starts at the top of the Mt. Manitou Incline Railway and is the most popular route for hikers, nature lovers, rock hounds and others. It also serves as the route for a group called the AdAmAn Club, which since 1923 has trudged to the peak to set off a few fireworks on New Year's Eve. On a clear night, the display can be seen for 150 miles.

"We open the road as early as we can in the spring," Sullivan says, "but late spring snows often close it again temporarily. The earliest opening I know about was April 23 and the latest closing was November 2."

Sullivan might have added that occasional midsummer snows give visitors from Florida, Georgia and California something to tell the folks back home. Summertime temperatures seldom rise above 50 degrees, and winter thermometer readings are often below anything you want to name.

Few people in Colorado use an apostrophe when referring to Pikes Peak. That makes sense: Since an apostrophe indicates possession and Pike never claimed the mountain, it really never belonged to him anyway. So it's anybody's — and everybody's — mountain. □

A Place Called Bombay Hook

by Mary-Carter Roberts

BOMBAY HOOK is what the place has been called for centuries — by people. What do its residents call it? I wonder.

For its residents are not people, you see. There are thousands of them, all belonging to the kind of life known as "wild." Gently wild, to be sure. Just deer, foxes, otters, muskrats, opossums, squirrels, woodchucks, rabbits, birds, terrapins, fishes, crabs and possibly more species.

These are the residents of Bombay Hook, a well-known national wildlife refuge in Kent County, Delaware, just 10 miles northeast of Dover, the state capital. It was established in 1937 by the Department of the Interior primarily as a link in the chain of such refuges extending from Canada to Mexico as protection for migrating ducks and geese. Its secondary purpose was to preserve natural marsh

photos courtesy of U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service

from urban and industrial destruction.

Its 16,280 acres are divided by dikes into two parts — salt water and fresh water. The 10,500-acre salt section borders on Delaware Bay. The fresh water section contains broad bodies of water known as "pools," though they could be called lakes because of their size. These pools, which take up 1,200 acres, provide lovely views across their wide surfaces. Here, too, are swamps where rich vegetation stands in water — large trees with interlacing branches, or a variety of water-growing weeds and grasses. Beyond this wetland, Bombay Hook contains acres of upland where people lived and farmed in colonial times. Today's wildlife residents have a wide choice of environments.

They show their appreciation by their numbers. Some 60,000 to 65,000 Canada geese stop on their fall migration — some stay year-round. This migrating population has grown from a mere 350, and it continues to grow. The lovely white snow geese are there, too, about 25,000 strong. And swans. And around 20 varieties of wild ducks. Likewise, the tall stately waders — herons, egrets, ibises — use the great pools, as do others, such as coots, rails, loons, terns, grebes, cormorants and gulls. One could go on. Suffice it to say that waterfowl approve of Bombay Hook. Not that they are the only ones to do so.

The uplands, the brushy thickets, the forests and the grassy fields are home to hundreds of land birds, ranging from the mighty bald eagle to the tiny hummingbird. There are the four-footed animals as well, and fishes and amphibians. In simple terms, Bombay Hook teems with life.

The refuge cares for the food of its residents as well as for their domestic accommodations. About 1,000 acres are planted with corn, which when harvested leaves enough grain scattered on the ground to last the birds throughout the winter. Not that they are limited to a diet exclusively of corn. In one of the pools are several acres of wild rice, that delicacy for which human gourmets pay astronomical prices. Land species, as well as waterfowl, have a taste for this delicious, expensive weed; the redwing blackbirds are addicted to it. Wild millet grows, too, as do smartweed, three square, sago pondweed and cattails.

When you enter Bombay Hook, you are going into an area where, due to people's care, nature is allowed to serve its creatures — naturally. Of course, much the same can be said about other national refuges. But, even so, Bombay Hook has its own individuality expressed by the serene order that one sees everywhere. Clumps of weeds and wild grasses, growing just as nature wills, look somehow as if they had been planted purely for the sake of beauty. Wildflowers are everywhere, looking as if they had been arranged by a florist. There is a park-like atmosphere about this refuge, a sort of radiance. Visitors retain that memory.

To be sure, visitors do not explore the entire refuge, but are limited to a tour route consisting of a well-kept road for cars, bicycles and pedestrians that runs along the top of the dikes separating the salt and fresh areas.

The four-footed animals are not seen immediately. Viewing them requires knowledge of their habits and, to provide this, the refuge supplies a leaflet that carries a month-by-month account of visible developments. For example, this publication tells that deer herds may be seen grazing in the fields at dusk in January; that the first fawns appear in June; that woodchucks and turtles emerge from hibernation in March, and that the diamondback terrapins are laying their eggs on the dikes in June.

The 70,000 people who came to see Bombay Hook last year found ample provision made for them along the tour route — observation towers, nature trails, descriptive literature and maps. The refuge is open during daylight hours and there is an information booth at the entrance.

The first historical reference to this great marsh was in 1679, at which time Mechacksett, Chief Sachem of the Kahansink, sold it to a New Yorker for "one gun, fower hands full of powder, three mats coats, one anckor of Liquors, one kittle." Next, Dutch colonists and then English settled it, cutting salt hay. Although its meaning is not known, the name Bombay Hook was recognized at some time during this period.

Only one house of this period still stands. Furnished with antiques, it is open to visitors Saturday and Sunday from 3 to 5 p.m. It is named the Allee House, which recalls the question: What do the resident birds and animals call this pleasant place? □

Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS by Nancy Kennedy

illustration by Vern Tremewen

ROBAIRE'S FRENCH RESTAURANT
KIHEI, MAUI, HAWAII

The beauty of the setting is equaled only by the excellence of the cuisine in this delightful and intimate French restaurant owned and operated by Robert Goueytes and his Hawaiian wife, Lee. Many of the menu favorites are transplants from Robert's native home in the south of France. His skill as a chef shows in the way he combines native Hawaiian foods with French cooking methods. Open for dinner, reservations suggested, Tuesday through Saturday from April to the middle of December, then Monday through Saturday. Closed the month of June. The address is 61 South Kihei Road off State Highway 31.

Opakapaka Robaire
(Boneless Filets of Island Fish)

2 pounds red snapper filets
1 cup flour
2 tablespoons butter
6 fresh mushrooms, sliced
1 teaspoon chopped shallots
2 tablespoons chopped fresh shrimp
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
2 cups white wine
1 cup heavy cream
Salt to taste
Chopped parsley

Dredge fish in flour. Heat butter in large skillet. Add filets and sauté until lightly browned on both sides. Remove fish to shallow baking pan. Add mushrooms, shallots, shrimp and parsley to skillet. Cook and stir 2 minutes. Add wine, stir and cook until reduced by half. Stir in cream. Pour over fish and bake in preheated 350° oven 10 to 15 minutes. Garnish with parsley. Serves 4.

NINE DOORS RESTAURANT
PORT JEFFERSON, NEW YORK

Gracious dining in this home built in 1803 is the aim of Mr. and Mrs. James Erthein. Guests enter at the street level, order dinner and relax in the lounge bar. When dinner is ready, they are ushered to one of the second floor dining rooms. After the main course, dessert, coffee and after dinner drinks are served in the paneled library. All this amid fine paintings and antiques. Open for dinner by reservation every day except Monday. The address is 9 Traders Cove near State Highways 25A and 495.

Rack of Lamb

1 rack of lamb (8 ribs)
Juice of 2 lemons
¼ cup dry white wine
1 teaspoon rosemary
½ teaspoon finely chopped shallots
¼ teaspoon finely chopped garlic
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon coarsely ground pepper

Have butcher remove chine and feather bones and heavy layer of fat. Between each rib cut down about 1½ inches and chip ½ inch from ends of bones. Place rack in plastic bag. Mix remaining ingredients, pour into bag, press out air, seal and place on flat plate. Refrigerate from 4 days to 1 week, turning occasionally. Remove rack from marinade, bring to room temperature, then place in shallow pan, fat side up. Roast at 400° about 25 minutes for medium, 20 for rare. Place paper panties on each rib. Garnish with baked tomatoes.

illustration by Randall McKissick

Browning

illustration by Fred Browning

WESTWARD LOOK RESORT TUCSON, ARIZONA

Nestled in the foothills of the Santa Catalina Mountains and overlooking Tucson, this resort is spread out on 100 acres of the Arizona desert. It is open year-round as a total vacation spot or as a lunch or dinner stop. Recreational facilities include a golf course, tennis courts, swimming pool, riding horses and tours to historic locations. As traditional as the hospitality of the Southwest is here, so is the Continental cuisine offering guests gourmet meals prepared by a professional staff. The address is 245 East Ina Road off I-10.

Gold Room Veal Scaloppine

- 1 pound, 4 ounces top round veal
- Salt and pepper
- ½ cup flour
- ½ cup clarified butter
- 12 thin slices Italian prosciutto
- 2 cups heavy cream
- 1 cup dry vermouth

Slice veal into 12 slices, trim edges and pound between sheets of waxed paper until very thin. Season with salt and pepper. Dredge in flour and sauté in hot butter until lightly browned. Remove to hot platter. Sauté prosciutto quickly and place on top of veal. Remove excess butter from pan, add cream and vermouth. Cook until sauce is reduced and thick. Correct seasoning. Pour sauce over veal. Serve with fettucini. Serves 4.

FITZWILLIAM INN FITZWILLIAM, NEW HAMPSHIRE

For year-round fun and relaxation this is one of the few remaining old New England inns catering to the weary traveler by providing food, bed and grog. Located in a tiny village 65 miles from Boston, the inn continues the tradition of comfort and good food it has maintained since 1796. The owners, Barbara and Charles Wallace, offer fine New England meals, 22 comfortable rooms and summer and winter recreation in a friendly and informal atmosphere. Find it on the Common near State Highways 12 and 119. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served daily.

Pumpkin Bread

- 4 eggs
- 3 cups sugar
- 1 cup oil
- 2 cups canned pumpkin
- ¾ cup water
- 4 cups flour
- 2 teaspoons soda
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg

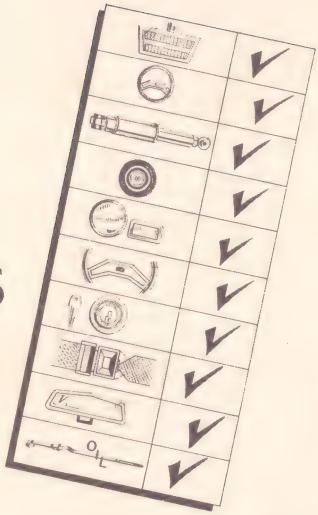
Beat eggs, gradually beat in sugar. Blend in oil, pumpkin and water. Sift flour with soda, baking powder, salt, cinnamon and nutmeg. Blend into liquid mixture and beat well. Turn into 3 greased loaf pans (8½ x 4½ inches). Bake at 350° about 1 hour or until pick comes out clean. Cool on rack 10 minutes. Turn out and cool completely.

Appetizer Parfait

Place a dab of sour cream in bottom of a parfait glass. Add well-chilled jellied consomme, the red Madrilene variety. Top with another dab of sour cream and place lemon wedge on glass.

illustration by Douglas A. Jones

Getting Your Car in Shape for Summer Trips



by Kirsten Benson

PACK CLOTHING, sports gear, first-aid kit in trunk. Put maps, snacks, magazines and games up front.

A typical before-going-on-your-summer-trip checklist, but it's not complete . . . until you've thoroughly checked out your car, van or truck. An added plus: You'll get better fuel economy with a well-tuned, properly maintained car.

According to Ford Parts and Service Division, you should do these things before heading far away from home: make a short inspection of your vehicle; consult your owner's manual for safety, trailer towing, recommended scheduled maintenance procedures and other information, and, if necessary, have your vehicle inspected or serviced by a trained technician.

About 15 minutes is needed to complete your own check-up:

Brakes — Pedal should be firm and not able to be pressed close to the floor. From a speed of 25 mph, apply steady pressure to the brake pedal. Your car should slow down in relation to applied brake pressure and stop completely if brake is not released. With parking brake engaged, place car in "drive" and depress accelerator slightly; the car should not move.

Steering — Drive your car at 10-15 mph in a tight circle and let go of steering wheel. Test in opposite direction. If steering wheel does not return quickly to near center, check for underinflated tires or need for front-end lubrication. Other possible causes are poor front-end alignment, steering-column alignment or steering-gear adjustment. Any suspected steering irregularities should be checked by a skilled technician.

Shock Absorbers — Push down on each fender. Your car should return to normal level quickly, bobbing once or twice. Worn shock absorbers can adversely affect steering control.

Tires — Flat spots on the tire tread or vibration while driving may indicate that wheels are out of balance. Excessive wear on one side of a

tire means front-end alignment may be needed. Check that each tire's "cold" pressure (after the car has been parked at least one hour) meets specifications on the manufacturer's decal on the car. Wear on center treads can be caused by overinflation; wear on outer treads can be caused by underinflation. Examine tires for cuts or embedded objects.

Lights

- Headlights: Check high and low beams. The following lights should be on: instrument panel, parking, front and rear side markers, taillights and license plate light.
- Turn signals: With the ignition on, the front directional instrument panel turn indicator and rear directional lights should flash when the turn signal lever is moved.
- Rear lights: With the ignition on and a second person to assist, place the transmission selector in reverse and make certain the back-up lights are on. Step on the brake pedal to be sure that all brake lights go on.
- Hazard flasher: Pull out hazard switch to see if all four directional lights flash.

Horn — Test it.

Locks — Make certain all doors close easily, latches catch and locks work (lubricate if necessary).

Seat Belts — Examine belts for cuts or unusual wear and be sure latches open and close easily and stay secure when closed.

Visibility — Inspect car windows for cracks that might spread and obscure vision during high-speed driving. All mirrors should be securely fastened and properly positioned.

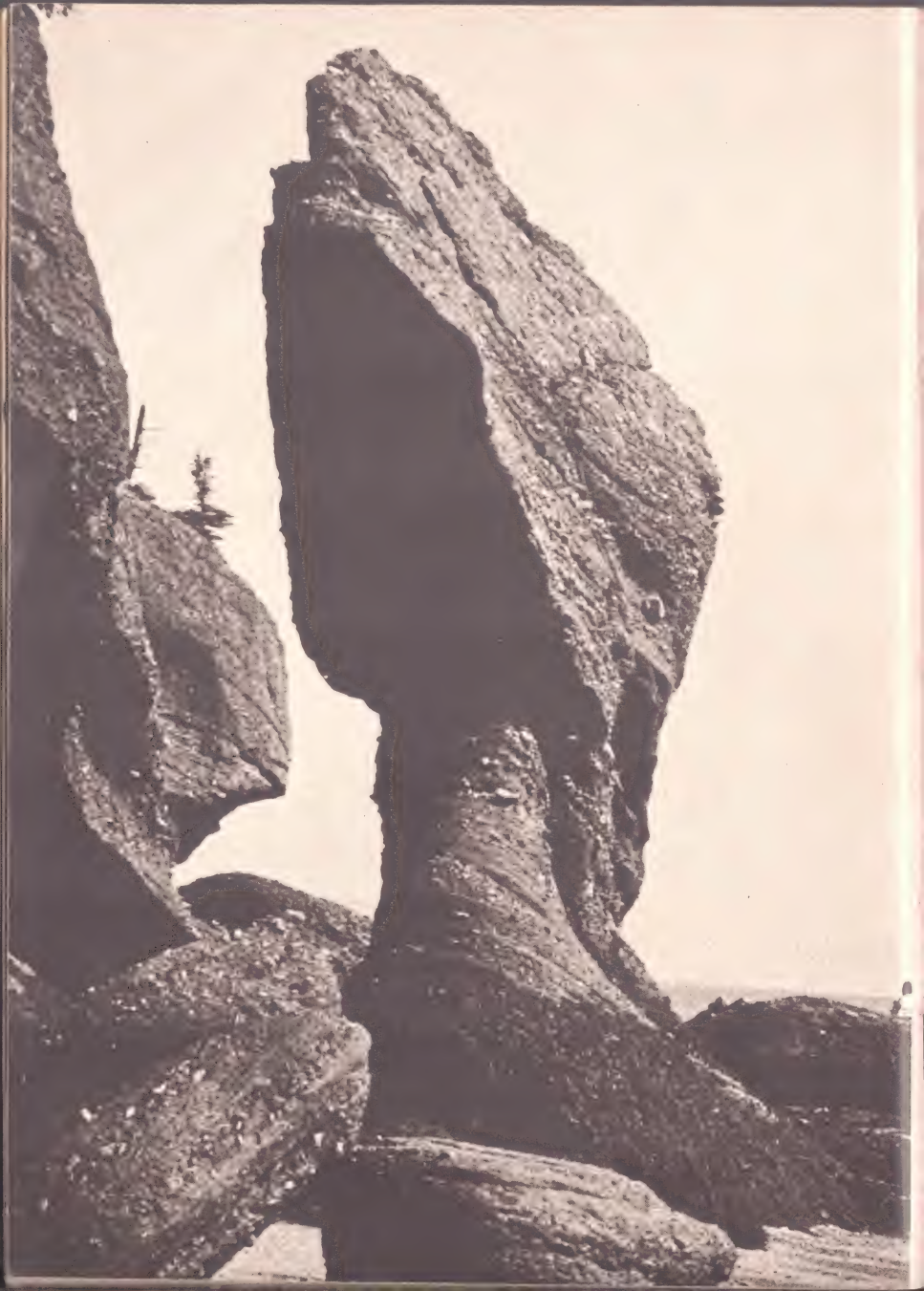
Fluid Levels — Check that engine oil, automatic transmission oil, radiator coolant and windshield washer fluid are at prescribed levels. With the engine running, test windshield wipers and washers. Check radiator and heater hoses for chafing, cuts or soft spots which signal deterioration and need for replacement.

Emergency Equipment — Check spare tire, jack, road flares and first-aid kit.

The best and easiest way to maintain a well-tuned vehicle — and one which delivers maximum gas mileage — is to follow the recommended maintenance schedule in your owner's manual.

Because service requirements vary depending on the car make and year, check your dealership or owner's manual for specific details. Items which normally should be inspected or serviced by a trained technician include brake lines and master brake cylinder fluid level, parking brake cables, power steering fluid level, headlamp aim, wheel alignment and steering linkage, rear axle fluid level, automatic transmission bands, exhaust system, spark plugs, and lubrication of front suspension ball joints and steering linkage.

Ford Times readers may obtain a FREE Safety Check List (which also gives safe driving tips) from the Public Relations Department, Ford Parts and Service Division, P. O. Box 1902, Dearborn, Michigan 48121. □



The World's Largest Flower Pots

story and photos by Ray Hunold

STRETCHING for nearly a mile along New Brunswick's Shepody Bay is a group of huge rocks with such fantastic shapes that they appear to have been created by a master sculptor — one with a green thumb at that, for amazing as it seems, tall pines and plants and flowers flourish atop many of the boulders. When Robert L. Ripley of Believe-It-or-Not fame saw the rocks, he fittingly dubbed them the "World's Largest Flower Pots."

The first glimpse of these 50- to 100-foot rocks is unforgettable; one hardly expects to come upon these fascinating formations on what would otherwise appear to be an ordinary swimming beach.

You will sight them at first from the head of a stairway leading down a steep cliff. Above the stairway is a sign that suggests you leave before the tide comes in if you wish to continue your life.

Even from the staircase you may notice that many of the rocks look top-heavy. Their comparatively small bases are constantly being worn away

by the tides, and many thousands of years from now they will collapse. But today they stand as sentinels along the shore, and win for Hopewell Cape the title of the most photographed spot in New Brunswick, which is called a photographer's paradise.

When you descend the staircase you have a choice. You may walk close to the cliff and try for dry feet or close to the muddy shore. We advise both, so that you see the sculptures from all angles in their infinite variety. You can scramble through small openings in the rocks and examine caves carved by the patient wind and water.

Of course, these sculptures of nature inevitably have been given many names by the people who live in the area. "The Twins" refers to two almost identical formations standing next to each other. "The Keyhole Rock" is one you crawl through to reach the beach on the other side. "The Old Man" is done in profile; he keeps watch over the bay.

An Indian legend has it that the rocks were once dogs. Many moons ago Glooscap, the guardian spirit of the Indians, saw his dogs chasing a moose straight into the bay. To save the moose's life, Glooscap stopped the chase with admirable rapidity: He transformed the dogs into these rocks.

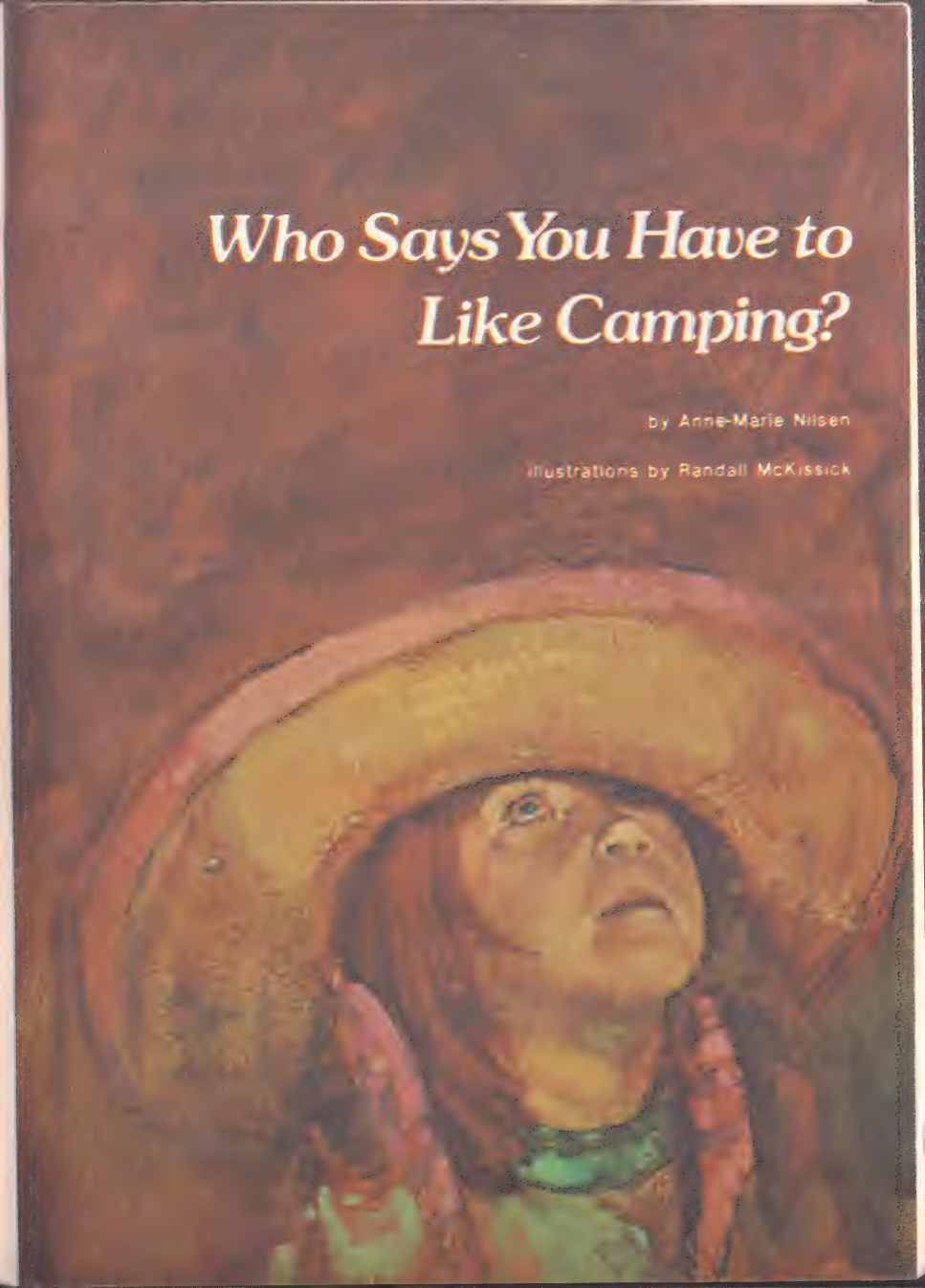
Although the modern visitor may find the Indian folklore charming, he knows that the rocks and cliffs are composed of conglomerate rock — a mixture of sand, pebbles and gravel that with sufficient time and sufficient pressure became cemented together. Geologists believe the rocks eroded from a mountain a few miles to the west — Caledonia Mountain — because it is a similar conglomerate. This occurred some 30 million to 100 million years ago, and the erosion of the rocks is still continuing, of course.

Hopewell Cape is on Provincial Highway 114, 22 miles south of Moncton. Shepody Bay, where the rocks are, empties into the Bay of Fundy. If you time it right, you will arrive at low tide and explore the rocks, and later at high tide find high ground and stay in the area for another of nature's spectaculars. From high ground you can see the tidal bore as it moves up from the Bay of Fundy through Shepody Bay. A solid wall of water moves by as you watch. It's one of the highest tides in the world. □

Who Says You Have to Like Camping?

by Anne-Marie Nilsen

Illustrations by Randall McKissick



WHENEVER camping is mentioned I stay quite still, hoping no one will notice me. It never works. Someone is bound to ask what I think about it and there's no polite way to say I've hated camping ever since I can remember. Utopia is that place where seldom is heard that discouraging word.

Surely, my passionate aversion to camping must be credited to my father's one-mindedness that he'd make a camper of me. It isn't that I disliked my father. It was that dreadful dictum of "Let's go camping" that fell like the clatter of doom on June 15 of every vacation. And twice thereafter.

My father was "Navy" and when he said "Frog," I jumped. And when he said we were going camping, I went. And just as I endured cold showers and twice daily calisthenics before an open window, I endured exposure to Nature's bounty. When he got that faraway look in his eyes and salted his oatmeal twice, then I knew I was in for three days of agony.

"Shall we go tomorrow?" he'd ask, expecting no answer and getting none. It was the death knell, the clarion call to haul out my sleeping bag, three pans, one pot and a Boy Scout hatchet. And one poncho.

I don't ever remember needing the poncho. The weather was always ideal and made to my father's specifications — rosy-bright and medium warm. Every day of it. Before sunup we'd go to the shed where the ancient pickup was garaged, I dragging my bedroll and clanking cooking tools over the dew-wet grass. Every camper toted his own gear. "And that's the way you'll learn. I'll make a camper of you yet and 10 isn't too young to be taught."

Any age is too young. He'd taken me on trips since I was 4 and that was when Old Tom Tully, general farmhand, showed me how to make sourdough biscuits. Old Tom would wait outside the shed, take Father's gear and toss it into the truck. He never took mine, but he'd grab me by the seat of my bloomers and toss me into the seat, a wide grin splitting his face. He'd never forgiven me for ruining his sourdough biscuit recipe.

We drove north and east toward the tall timber, rock and lake country. Just a hint of daylight breaking over the horizon silhouetted farmhouses where lazy plumes of smoke rose from chimneys. We'd pass houses where dogs were still asleep on porches, noses tucked into their flanks. Or deer would leap across the road to crash into the underbrush. It was all there for anyone to see, provided he cared to turn his head.

We'd make one stop at Paddy O'-Connell's cabin, which was pasted against the side of a hill, to promise him fish and game on our return trip. He'd stand on his slanting porch and swear the rabbits were as big as kangaroos that year, by Gor, and he'd have one in the pot four days hence.

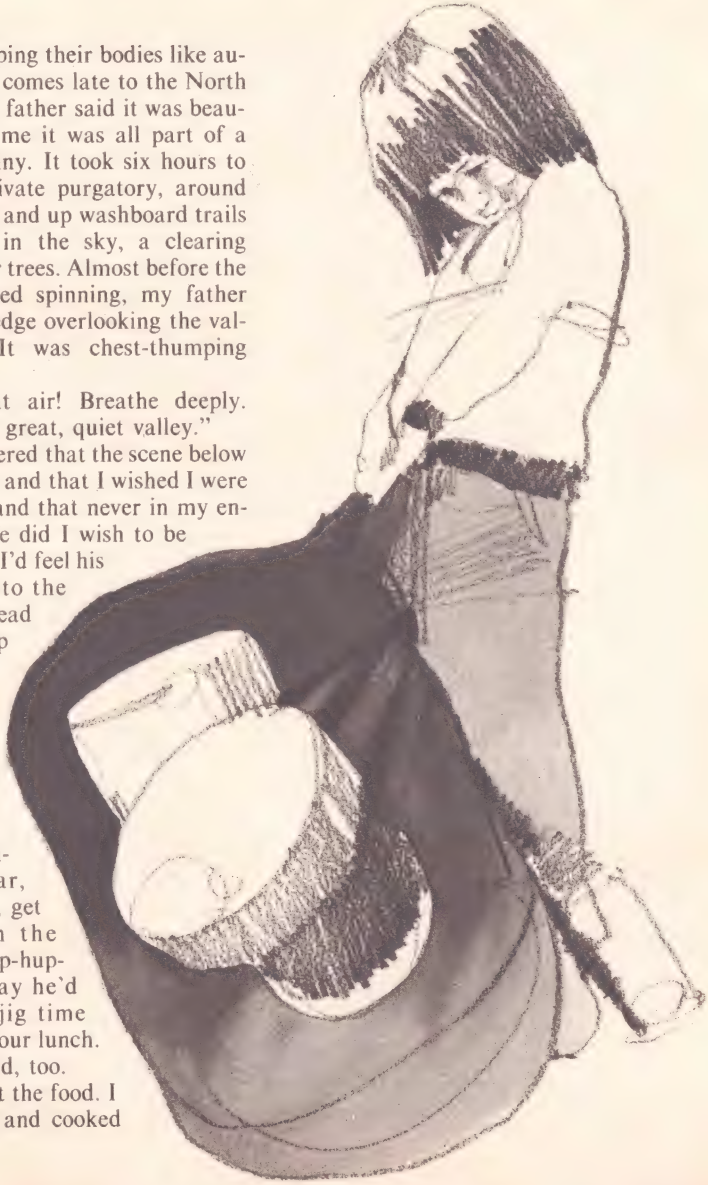
Then we'd burst out of the brush to skirt the lake with mist rising into the chill air and cattle in barnyards,

steam enveloping their bodies like auras. Summer comes late to the North Country. My father said it was beautiful, but to me it was all part of a horrible destiny. It took six hours to reach my private purgatory, around hairpin turns and up washboard trails to that pie in the sky, a clearing among the fir trees. Almost before the wheels stopped spinning, my father was on the ledge overlooking the valley below. It was chest-thumping time.

"Feel that air! Breathe deeply. Look at that great, quiet valley."

If I whispered that the scene below was just fine, and that I wished I were down there, and that never in my entire whole life did I wish to be where I was, I'd feel his eyes bore into the top of my head as his deep sigh ruffled my hair. He'd correct my grammar and issue crisp orders real fast: unload the gear, set up camp, get water from the stream. Hup-hup-hup. He'd say he'd be back in jig time with fish for our lunch. And he would, too.

He caught the food. I laid the fire and cooked



it. I also pegged down the tarpaulin (in case it rained, which it never did), cut pine boughs for bedding and lugged a bucket of water up the hill from the river. I think the two very worst jobs in the world are setting up camp and passing cookies at a PTA meeting.

The worst thing to happen, and which always did, was to disturb a snake. While the first half of one glided by I'd stand in frozen immobility. I rarely waited for the second half. When I reported that a 12-foot serpent had passed our way my father would say, without a pause in his rhythm of fish cleaning, "Haven't I told you a million times not to exaggerate?"

Our standard lunch was four strips of bacon on a hot pan, fish filets and two potatoes dropped into sizzling grease. Supper was a repeat with the added luxury of sourdough biscuits that so shamed Old Tom Tully. And coffee. My father liked his coffee with some body to it, the kind that had to be drunk quickly before it dissolved the cup.

The way I was taught to wash the pot and pans was, in my opinion, sheer nonsense. Why not heat dishwater to do a proper job? Because *true* campers wash utensils in the river and scour them with sand and that's the way you'll do it.

Aye, aye, sir! Right away, sir!

Once, when I was on my knees sanding pans, I had that dreadful feeling I was not alone. Lifting my head I came eye to eye with a skunk. It was immediately apparent the skunk didn't take kindly to sharing his water hole so I moved over — about two miles.

The tricky part of the trip came after dark. The dying fire became a signal for all creatures large and small to leave their lairs and investigate the intruders. Every snapping twig told me a tiger was on the loose, every rustling leaf indicated an alligator was in the brush. My father had long since disconnected his hearing aid, completely unaware of the snapping, padding, sniffing of the Unknowns hovering nearby. I was afraid of the noises and afraid the three days in the wilderness would never end.

But the fourth day came, just as my father had promised it would. Again it was rose and gold and, this time, purely wonderful. Paddy would be waiting for us, a shotgun across his knees and ninety-eleven cats falling off his porch or squirting from under it, and a rabbit in the pot, by Gor.

I'd ignore his remark about what a skinny kid I was as I made my way to the pool in his dammed-up stream. He and my father were content to swap lies and swat mule flies while rocking on the uneven porch. Now a mule fly is one of Nature's dirty tricks. It lights, probes and takes off with about 100 cc of blood while leaving a lump as big as an ostrich egg at the point of excavation. The best remedy, according to Paddy, was a "leetle" gun powder rubbed on and a spot of mountain dew added to "bash oop" the pain.

I'd towel off in the one-room shack

under the disapproving eyes of a defiant-looking woman in a framed tintype and a gentleman next to her who seemed surprised at the company he was keeping. Were they Paddy's parents? He never explained.

Nor did he explain the lady's straw hat that looked as though it had been washed up by the Irish Sea, a hat that hung on a peg behind the door and that I had to try on, knowing it would slide down to my chin.

The rabbit was cooked to a turn and again it was my job to scour the pot in the stream. But at long last, the truck's nose was pointed homeward under darkening skies. Lighted farm houses came rushing at us along stretches of the dun-colored road that flung its length over hills and through greening fields pegged by utility poles. This was the whipped cream on the bittersweet of three cheerless days.

"Well, now, that wasn't so bad, was it, kitten?"

And I'd say, "No, it wasn't so bad." But we weren't fooling each other. For a few days I'd block out the past and wallow in the present and pretend there was no future. But in four weeks I'd be hauling out that dumb bedroll along with the dumb pans and one pot and we'd be heading for another three-day nightmare.

"Better this time?" was the litany at trail's end, answered with the perpetual lie, "Yes."

But when my father disconnected his hearing aid, then I'd say, "Never in my entire whole life will I like camping," knowing my grammar would not be corrected but also knowing I'd lug a despised bedroll to the truck one more time before school opened. □

Thank You!

...for reading the important information about the Ford Auto Club* in the *center of the magazine.*

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